enough, he asked me to sign that piece of

paper. I said, I'm not signing nothing. He

said, well, if you don't, it's just going to

get marked refused, anyway, so you might as

well sign it. You know, that kind of

infuriated me. I was going to be able to

get to nobody else. So he was right, I

wasn't -- you know, he was just going to do

me how he wanted to do me, and that was it.

That's how it was going to be.

And I remembered what that officer said, so I said, I'll sign that. Let me see that there. I took it through the tray hole, which is -- it ain't but that over there. It's about 15 inches long and about five inches wide. I got the clipboard. I said, god damn it, and I wrote a line all the way through my name, all my meals and everything that I had got, you know. I didn't sign it. And I put a line right through there. And I threw it back out the tray.

Well, I put the thing out back the tray hole and started cussing at him, telling him, I ain't signing nothing, F you,

this and that, blah, blah, blah. I'm sick and tired of how you're doing me. This stuff is coming to an end today. And I threw it over to the side.

And as I was pulling my hand back, he just got mad at that and kicked my hand as I was pulling my hand back through the tray hole. And I was cussing at him, this and that and blah, blah, blah. I'm tired of how you're talking to me. Just because I'm locked up, you want to do me this way and this and that.

And he hollers for the other officer, which is Byers. I'm like, you know, stressing out now because I already now what's going to happen, you know. I'm going to get beat. There is only one thing that happens when you buck like that or any kind of way. If you don't do, you're going to get your head busted. And then you're going to do, or you ain't going to do it at all, and you're going to get your head busted and sent back. It doesn't matter.

So, I'm stressing. I already know what's coming. So I started thinking about

ain't doing nothing. I said, I ain't -
this dude here, I've been trying to talk to

this guy here, telling him how I've been

getting screwed over by him. And as I'm

telling Byers this, I'm, like, look, man, I

ain't doing nothing. This dude has been

screwing me over on my stuff. Bam, he hits

me in the face right there, and he just

jumps on top of me on my rack.

Q. Who is this?

A. Chauncey. And I'm on my rack. And after he had hit me, I'm trying to grab this dude, you know what I'm saying, to put him down over here. And I'm trying to get out the way. And all of a sudden, Byers -- here comes Byers. He jumps on me, too. He's starting to punch me and, you know, drag me. And then they both get off of -- they both get off of me and grab -- one of them grabs my hand, and one of them grabs my legs. And they rip me off my rack and slam me on the ground.

Chauncey keeps on punching at me, so I'm trying to, you know, duck and dodge his punches and stuff. And this dude gets his

- $^{1}$  stick. Byers gets -- pulls out his -- I
- $^2$  seen that. And as I blocking off his hits,
- I was looking at Byers. And he pulled out
- his stick, and, you know, he made it come
- $^{5}$  out. And then he just starts whacking me.
- Now, I seen when the stick came out, but
- then I had to pay attention because this
- dude was punching me in my face.

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- Q. Anybody else there? Anyone else see it?
- A. Yeah, inmates, you know. They were out for their hour out. And, you know, they were walking by tripping out, like, god damn.

And so, as I'm like getting punched in the face, I'm trying to block this dude off. And I'm trying to get back to the back of the cell now, because I know this dude's got his stick out. And, really, I'm trying to get underneath my rack because they can't get to me there. So I'm trying to get underneath my rack. And if I can get back to the back of my cell, I'll be all right.

And all of a sudden, you know, I'm feeling whack, whack, whack. And he's

 $^{1}$  banging away at me with his stick.

Everywhere he can hit me in my lower

section, he's hitting there, because Byers

 $^4$  is all up in my higher sections.

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And so, I'm like halfway under the bed now, so he can't punch me in my head or my face. And he's steady trying to rip me out from under my rack, while Byers is hitting me with the stick. For whatever, Byers, you know, abandons the stick, and he pulls out this mace. And he's starting to shake it. And he says, I'm going to mace him. And I was like coming around, and I just started -- really stopped doing anything then, because I didn't want him to mace me.

Man, this dude, Chauncey, is still punching at my face and doing this and that. So right when I seen him shaking up his mace, I had grabbed his arms. And I kind of just, you know, held tight for a second because he was macing me, you know. There was no doubt about it. He came down, and he spayed me straight in my face.

I held my breath, and I just -- you

 $^1$  know, after he was done macing me, I ducked

out the way. And I kind of moved to the

other side, and they started handcuffing me.

So they handcuffed me. One dude grabs the

other arm, they grab the other arm, and they

handcuff me. Now they're picking me up, and

they're treating me all, you know,

manhandling me. And as --

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Now, before he had maced me, he had called over the radio to get the other police to come. As I was coming out my cell with these dudes, I took a right down the hallway to go out the foyer door. And McLemore was right there, I mean, just perfect timing. As I was coming out, he was like, you know -- I said, like, thank God, McLemore, I've been looking for you all week.

And so what they did is they had marched me around this zone and put me in the shower. So they took me, they walked me along this wall here. They walked me up across this thing here, and then they had brought me all the way back around to the shower. The shower ain't got nothing but